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"AT THE PUBLIC GOOD WE AIM."

M. M. LEVY, EDITOR.

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TERMS

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A SPIRITED HORSE.

One of the darndest neat tricks that's been heard on this some time, was sarved upon a chap not long ago in York State. On the 7th inst., a fellow attended a sale of horse flesh in Hermania. He wanted a nag that would suit, and being a horse jockey by trade and natur too, he thought he knew all the pints, from the nostrils down to the hind fetlock, and was the beatum at a swop. The folks all round were darned shy on him, I tell ye now; and though they were willing to sell him for cash, provided they got the money examined by the cashier of the bank, to see if it was ginooine, they could not be persuaded to buy of him, he was such a risky chap. He would pick up an old horse that was just going to be turned off for crow taxes, and in one week's time he would bring him out a newcritter, a spanking four year old that would take the rag off of any thing on four legs.

He went to this ere sale; it was an auction, where they had about forty nags, of all sizes, colors, and sorts, black, white, grey, roan, bay, dapple, sorrel, pumpkin, and milk. A fine looking nag was brought out, of a bright bay, with a neck like a rainbow, and an eye that would look through a stone wall.

"Hallo!" says the auctioneer, "how much for a first rate horse—sired by Edwin Forest, his dam Mrs. Trollope, raised by Col. Shaffleton Cockfight, of Black-leg Manor, Cheatsylvania County, Ancient Dominion; took the purse twice at the Richmond Sweepstakes, beat Betsey Ransom at Long Island, a biographical sketch of him in the Sunday Morning News, by the late celebrated John Randolph, and another in the Gambler's Vade Mecum, supposed to be by Col. Saltpeter Mahogany Stock; warranted sound all round, and only eight years old."

At this last, some of the knowing ones grinned a little, and others exchanged winks; for a horse hardly ever gets to be older than eight, though once in a great while he contrives to crawl up as high as nine. When his teeth no longer tell tales, a horse will stick to his age like a maiden of twenty-four, or a bachelor of thirty-eight.

"How much?" says Glib Tongue.
"Twenty-five dollars," says one.
"Aint the valley of his hide," says Glib Tongue, "a thousand dollars to begin with."

The bidders were up to a thing or two, for they had heard this story for the last five years at every horse auction, and he contrived to make it match any size or color. He had written it all down and spoke it as a piece, like the boys on the stage at the Academy.

"Twenty-six dollars," says another.
"But, gentlemen, this is trifling. Only think, Edwin Forrest and Mrs. Trollope! Never mind, Glib Tongue, fire away; Mrs. Trollope must have had twins for the last fifty years, to supply all the colts that you have sold in her name. Twenty-seven dollars."

Glib Tongue saw it was no go, and came down accordingly; and finally the horse was bid off to our jockey for forty-five dollars.

"If he aint got darnedly sweetened this time there's no snakes; I've known that ere eight years old these ten years, and he was eleven when I bought him."

"No fear for the jockey, I tell ye. If he has bought the devil, he'll sell him again. So look out."

Our jockey heard all this without being consarned an atom. He'd heard folks talk afore now. So he very quietly led the nag out of sight, to find out the catch without showing it; and sure enough, he was in for it as slick as grease. So he goes to the auctioneer, takes him aside under a horse shed, and begins to dicker.

"Warranted sound, only eight years old, trots all. Such was the say at the sale. Now, he is older than cousin Jerusha, and she owned to thirty-nine ten years ago. Maybe he trots all when he does trot, but neither whip nor spurs have yet got him out of a walk. It aint a fair shake—I don't accept the horse, and I want my forty five dollars back."

"A bargain's a bargain," says Glib Tongue.

"And reason is reason," says the jockey. "I've been cuss firedly cheated, and all fire lock if I don't have the law on you.—I'll sue you on the warranty."

"Fire away then," says Glib Tongue, "two can play at that; remember the warranty of Celesty, the sorrel filly that you sold me."

This knocked him stiff: it put him in mind of what Squire Smith told him about a man's coming into court with clean hands. So seeing he couldn't dicker Glib Tongue out of the bargain, he resolved to walk into somebody else. So he mounted, and by means of a whip and a pair of spurs well laid on, he got his bargain to Hemmerstown, the next village. He then poured a pint of whiskey down the nag's throat, and I guess that fixed him out with a tallowed shirt. It made a four year old of him in less than no time, and all four legs flew up as if the ground was red hot. First it was a canter then a trot, then a gallop, then a pace, then a run, then a wrack; every thing but a walk or a stand still, for he had quite forgotten both. He was like a Congressman, every thing by turns, and nothing for a great while. Our jockey, or rather we must call him our hero now, for I tell you none but a pretty considerable of a hero would ride such a crittur with a snaffle,—scampered through the main street of Hammerstown, and sang out louder than a crow watching a corn-field, when the rest of the flock are pulling, and the boys are coming. "Seventy-five dollars for this fine four years old! Is seventy-five dollars all that's bid for this here fine four year old colt?" On he dashed, full chisel, crying out, "Seventy-five dollars! once! twice—who bids higher?" "Eighty!" says a feller, falling in love at first sight. "Eighty-five!" "Ninety!" "One hundred!" The bidders soon got the steam up, and the horse was knocked down for one hundred and fifty dollars, clean cash. If that warn't a darned neat trade, there is no truth in what Deacon Grimes tells us at the conference.—[Pub. Leger.

MR. PICKWICK AND THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.—The following is the opening scene of Mr. Pickwick's journey to Bath. It will forcibly strike those travellers who have entered some of the English inns, as calling to mind the various characters which they have frequently met in their peregrinations.

The travellers' room at the White Horse Collar is of course uncomfortable; it would be no travellers' room if it were not. It is the right-handed parlor, into which the aspiring kitchen fire-place appears to have walked, accompanied by a rebellious poker, tongs, and shovel. It is divided into boxes for the solitary confinement of travellers, and is furnished with a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter, which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing glasses, in a corner of the apartment.

One of these boxes was occupied on this particular occasion by a stern-eyed man of about five-and-forty, who had a bald and glossy forehead, with a good deal of black hair at the sides and back of his head, and large black whiskers. He was buttoned up to the chin in a brown coat, and had a large seal skin travelling cap, and a great coat and cloak lying on the seat beside him. He looked up from his breakfast as Mr. Pickwick entered, with a fierce and peremptory air, which was very dignified, and having scrutinized that gentleman and his companions to his entire satisfaction, hummed a tune in a manner which seemed to say that he rather suspected somebody wanted to take advantage of him, but 'twouldn't do.

"Waiter," said the gentleman with the whiskers.

"Sir," replied a man with a dirty complexion, and a towel of the same, emerging from the kennel before mentioned.

"Some more toast."

"Yes, sir."

"Buttered toast, mind," said the gentleman, fiercely.

"Directly, sir," replied the waiter.

The gentleman with the whiskers hummed a tune in the same manner as before and pending the arrival of the toast, advanced to the front of the fire, and, taking his coat tails under his arms, looked at his boots and ruminated.

"I wonder whereabouts in Bath this coach puts up," said Mr. Pickwick, mildly addressing Mr. Winkle.

"Hum—eh—what's that?" said the strange man.

"I made an observation to my friend, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, always ready to enter into conversation. "I wondered at what house the Bath coach puts up.—Perhaps you can inform me."

"Are you going to Bath?" said the strange man.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"And those other gentlemen?"

"They are going also," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not inside—I'll be damned if you're going inside," said the strange man.

"Not all of us," said Mr. Pickwick.

"No, not all of you," said the strange man emphatically. "I've taken two places. If they try to squeeze six people into an infernal box that only holds four, I'll take a post-chaise and bring an action. I've paid my fair. It won't do; I told the clerk when I took my places that it wouldn't do. I know these things have been done. I know they are done every day, but I never was done, and I never will be. Those

who know me best, best know it; crush me." Here the fierce gentleman rang the bell with great violence, and told the waiter he'd better bring the toast in five seconds, or he'd know the reason why.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you will allow me to observe that this is a very unnecessary display of excitement. I have only taken places inside for two."

"I am glad to hear it," said the fierce man. "I withdraw my expression. I tender an apology. There's my card. Give me your acquaintance."

"With great pleasure, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick. "We are to be fellow travellers and I hope we shall find each other's society mutually agreeable."

"I hope we shall," said the fierce gentleman. "I know we shall. I like your looks; they please me. Gentlemen, your hands and names. Know me."

Of course an interchange of friendly salutations followed this gracious speech; and the fierce gentleman immediately proceeded to inform the friends in the same short, abrupt, jerking sentences, that his name was Dowler, that he was formerly in the army; that he had now set up in business as a gentleman; that he lived upon the profits, and that the individual for whom the second place was a personage no less illustrious than Mrs. Dowler, his lady wife.

"She's a fine woman," said Mr. Dowler. "I am proud of her. I have reason."

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of judging," said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"You shall," replied Dowler. "She shall know you. She shall esteem you. I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Thus:—I saw her—I loved her—I proposed—she refused me—'You love another?'—'Spare my blushes.'—'I know him.'—'You do.'—'Very good; if he remains here I'll skin him.'"

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick involuntarily.

"Did you skin the gentleman?" inquired Mr. Winkle, with a very pale face.

"I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing; and so it was."

"Certainly," interposed Mr. Winkle.

"I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in his Majesty's service, I was bound to do it. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled. I married her. Here's the coach. That's her head."

A LIVE YANKEE.—A scene occurred before one of our Magistrates in the early part of the week, which furnished great amusement to a crowded auditory, and the particulars of which are briefly as follows.

"I reckon you're a squire, an't you?" said a feller, as he whisked into the office, his face red as a lobster with the heat, and the perspiration pouring down his cheeks in a stream, which he vainly essayed to wipe off with a dirty cotton handkerchief.

"I'm a magistrate, sir—have you any business with me?"

"Guess I have that. I've got business for you and two or three others. You see I'm from Bosting—Bosting—you know where Bosting is, I guess, don't you?"

"Well, I come right slick down from there in a smack, with Cap'n Joe Whipple—our Sal was along too—oh! she's a heavenly splice of a crittur—and Joe Whipple too—he's a severe one. So you see all the voyage I kind o' hitched up to Sal, and Sal she kind o' seemed to like it, and so at last I seemed to think she'd make a cruel good wife for me, and told her so.—So she says to me, 'Nathan—my name's Nathan—Nathan Lumberfunction's my name—'Nathan,' says she, 'you're a sort of a slickish man, I guess we'll do it.' I reckon so too, says I, and so you see with that I jest give her a luss in her chops by way of saluter, and we fixed it all to go to some Squire and be spliced just as quick as ever we could get ashore. Well, I reckon we got ashore arter a while, though we had some of the most dreadfully awful storms that ever blowed. Cap'n Joe goes along shore too—he was high up for the fun, too, I can tell you, though I sort o' thought Sal was too awfully clever to Cap'n Joe, seeing as how she was full going to be my wife. Well, you see—"

Magistrate.—My friend you talk a great deal too much—can't you come to the bottom of the story at once?"

"Well, I guess I'm pretty near that, any how—So you see I and Sal and Cap'n Joe all goes streaking in down to the Squire's, I and Sal to get married. Goin' long Water street, who should I see but Jerry Buffum standing in a shad-boat up to his eyes, I vow, in shad and herrin. Well, Jerry, says I, now if that don't bear! who'd a thort't it—so I and Jerry put into a shop close by, and there we drank—oh, Jerusalem, how we drank! Told Sal and Cap'n Joe to wait outside a minute or two for I and Jerry, cause Jerry set up to volunteer to go long too, after the drink was over."

Mag.—Are you done?"

The complainant paused a moment, looked the magistrate in the face, swelled

out his cheeks, raised his arms, but suddenly exclaimed, "Well never mind that!" and went on—

"Well, you see I and Jerry drank there till near night, cause I kind o' disremembered all about Sal and Cap'n Joe. So when I comes back to the shallop to look arter where they'd gone to, what now do you think I saw? By the snakes o' Babylon, Squire, there was Cap'n Joe huggin my Sal around the neck, and right afore my face. By the hoky, Cap'n Joe, says I, what do you mean by that are liberty?—So he said nothin to that, though he's ridiculous fond of talking, but he and Sal bust out a laughin, and a 1-st Cap'n Joe said when he saw that I was wretchedly hurt, 'why,' says he, 'Nathan Sal's my wife!—Oh ho, says I, and jest about let him have it slick and cruel, Squire, mind I tell ye!"

Mag.—But what do you want from me young man—I can't sit here and listen to your nonsense. What do you wish of me?"

"I want a warrant for to take that are Cap'n," replied the complainant in a voice of thunder, which scared out a crowd of brats that had gathered around his heels during the previous harangue.

Mag.—What charge do you make against him?"

Comp.—I reckon I charge him with stealing off my wife!

Mag.—But you were not married.

Comp.—Wer'nt we on the way to it? and that the same thing, I guess.

Mag.—Not at all. I cannot grant you a warrant. You've missed a wife by preferring a dram. Clear the office, you boys there go, begone the whole of you, and the disappointed complainant went out with the mob of gentlemen idlers, swelling with indignation at his defeat, and vowing that he'd circumfizzle that are varmint yet afore he got many miles nearer Bosting.—Phil. Paper.

AN ADVENTRE AT THE WEST.

"He who loves not his country can love nothing."

BYRON.

"What a romantic spot for any one who admires sweet solitude!" exclaimed Mrs. Hubbard, as the exploring party paused, and the ladies alighted to rest the weary horses.

"Secluded but not solitary, madam," remarked Capt. Austin, leaning on his rifle, and glancing his eye around with the air of a man who is confident in his own superior judgement. "We have no solitudes in America."

"Dear me! I thought most of this western country was called a solitude; and I am sure we have found it lonesome enough," said Miss Cunningham, sighing as she seated herself beneath the shade of a large tree.

"What is a solitude?" demanded the Capt. very pompously.

"That would be decided according to circumstances and tastes, I presume," said Mr. Hubbard, smiling as he drew the arm of his young wife within his own. "Now while Mary and I are together we should never find a solitude."

"In my opinion there are only two circumstances, which can justify the term as applied to places," pursued the captain.

"We may call it the solitude of nature when we find no life as in the deserts of Arabia; and where man and his works have been and passed away, it is rightly styled a human solitude;—such are the ruins of Petra, Palmyra and Babylon."

"Then the mounds in our western country are solitudes, are they not?" inquired Mrs. Hubbard.

"No: because there is no proof that these were ever dwellings of the living," replied the Captain. "I know some antiquarians pretend that they have found traces of fortifications—but I think these opinions erroneous. They were burial places. True, there must have been inhabitants in the vicinity, but they have left no trace of their existence, except their bones in these mounds. Nature, then, has completely triumphed over the works of man, if indeed, he ever had subdued her domain which I much doubt, and nature, as I before remarked, cannot properly be called solitary, while her empire is full of living things. In our pleasant land there is not a single desert solitude."

"You are still a true American, I find, notwithstanding your long travels and residence in foreign lands," remarked Mrs. Hubbard.

"Did you imagine I would have less amorpatriotism than a Swiss peasant, or that my patriotism was colder than an Icelander?" demanded Captain Austin warmly. "If the former will pine for his rude home among the sterile hills, even while basking in the sunny vales of Italy, and the latter can believe that his lava-formed and snow-covered mountain is the pleasantest spot on earth, shall I be insensible to the high privilege which my birthright as a free citizen of this mighty Republic inspires? No, I assure you, madam, that my foreign residence has increased rather than diminished my love for my native land. One must go abroad to know to prize our country. It is not so much its freedom as its security, which is the great privilege we enjoy."

"Why, there are no dangers to be encountered in Europe these days," remarked Miss

Cunningham. A great many gentlemen and ladies from the United States now make the tour to Europe, particularly France and England, I thought it was a most delightful journey."

"Yes, one may travel through those countries if he has his regular passports, but in France, he must submit to many scrutinizing and troublesome delays. Then there are beggars to annoy you, and thieves and highwaymen you must guard against, if you are so lucky as to escape them. In Italy and Austria you are under strict surveillance; police spies are constantly watching you, and an unguarded expression may subject you to arrest, or an order to quit the country. But those are an Utopia for travellers compared with Asia and Africa. There men are robbers by profession; and, as if these were not scourge sufficient, the wild animals, swarm there; ferocious beasts have the undisputed possession of a great part of those continents. Now it is a fact, which I could never make an European philosopher comprehend, that we have scarcely a single species of ferocious animals in all the vast forests of our land. A fierce bear is sometimes found in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, but he rarely attacks our western hunters. I have travelled from Main to Florida—I have visited every state and territory, except Oregon—and in my wanderings I have never met with an incident to alarm me, nor with an adventure which could be called dangerous."

"O, mercy! mercy on us!" exclaimed Miss Cunningham, who, in elevating her face to listen to the eloquence of the Captain, had unconsciously gazed into the tree-top above her head. "O, save me! save me! she shrieked, and sprang towards Mrs. Hubbard.

The party, startled by her screams, looked toward the tree, and there beheld a panther of the largest size, his eyes glowing like coals of fire, his teeth protruded from his curling lips, and his erected hair betokened the rage and thirst for blood which would soon be satiated by the death of some victim. The horses saw the terrific animal and shook with fear; they were quite as much frightened as Miss Cunningham, though they could not express their terrors so loudly.

Captain Austin might have been a little discomposd at this mal-apropos appearance of a 'ferocious animal' in an American forest, but he was not at all daunted. He raised his unerring rifle. The whole group were breathless with fear or surprise. The next moment the sharp sound of the rifle rang through the old woods, and awakened the deep echoes from the hill side, startling from its quiet haunt many a bird and squirrel, whose peace had never before been disturbed by such a noise in that quiet place.

"There he is, there he is!" shouted Mr. Hubbard, as the smoke from the rifle dispersed; "there, he is falling! You have another charge, have you not? These creatures are hard to kill."

While he spoke the panther which had fallen, struggling and shrieking lay wallowing in his gore on the ground. Captain Austin, to make sure of his work, placed the muzzle of the loaded barrel (it was double-barrelled) close to the head of the animal, and discharged it; the creature was dead in a moment.

"You have found a ferocious animal at last, Captain," said Mr. Hubbard, speaking with a light tone, though he still shuddered at the danger which had been so near and terrific. "Come, confess that this was an alarming incident."

"Yes, I confess it, but we can say, as the gallant Perry said of the British fleet on Lake Erie—"we have met the enemy, and he is ours."

"But what becomes of your theory, Capt. Austin, inquired Mrs. Hubbard, smiling. You will surely be obliged to confess to the European philosophers that we have terrible and fierce animals in our country."

By no means, madam—this is only an exception, which will you know, prove the rule. At least, these philosophers and statesmen with whom I so often discussed the subject, ought to admit it, for they always sheltered themselves under the exceptions, whenever I contended that a republican government was the best and most conducive to human happiness. Such a government they would say, may be best for your nation, but your people are not like others. Freedom may be a blessing to the free, virtuous and intelligent, but cannot be conferred on the ignorant, degraded population of old governments, without destroying the very foundations of civilized society, uprooting religion and laws, and producing a state of anarchy and destruction, which the iron rule of a military despot could only subdue. And thus they would continue the system of oppression, and keep the human mind forever shackled, lest its onward movements should be, in the first wild impulse of freedom, irregular and impetuous. But the time will come. The spirit of our young country is now breathing its vigor into the decaying systems of European policy. And surely as the spring brings life and beauty in its train, will that spirit work out the freedom, improvement and happiness of man."

"And destroy the panthers in his path," said Mrs. Hubbard.

"Yes, but not without many a terrific struggle, and frequent defeats. Not merely